I wonder so oft in my twilight dreams,
When the daylight's gone and the night
draws near.

As I sit in the firelight's ruddy gleams,
And think of the old days, sweet and dear—
I wonder, my darling, how you would look
If you had not died—were you living now;
If you sat just there with your work or book,
The flickering light on your hair and brow.

Would you be matronly, staid and grand,
Or tender and sweet as you used to be,
Swaying my life with your soft white hand,
Growing closer each year to me.
Sweet, there'd be wrinkles upon your brow,
And tiny touches of Time's decay,
And your bonny hair would be fiecked with

I know by my own that is white to-day.

Perhaps, dear heart, had you lived for me, Had you not gone home in the early dawn, Some bright-syed child might have climbed my knee, And cheered our home with his short and

song;
Home had been home in its fullest sense,
A beautiful haven of love and cheer,
Age had been reaping a recompense
Of honest labor and well-spent years.

I gaze on this gray-bearded face of mine,
That is never caressed by a wife or child;
I gaze on this empty chair of thine,
On these cheerless walls till my heart grows

wild.

Love, I have lived such a lonely life
Since your grave's been wet with the snov
and rain,
And God only knows how I miss my wife,
How my heart aches on with its ceaseles

You were so young when you went away,
Only a bride or a sweet wife-child.
But I prove by the tears I have shed each day
You were the center of all my life.
No one could ever have filled your place,
No other heart could have been my mate,
And I dreame ach night of your beautiful face,
And wonder how long I shall have to wait.
RUSHVILLE, Neb.

BERENICE ST. CYR.

A Story of Love, Intrigue, and Crime.

BY DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHAPTER VI-Continued. Cole Winters had heard nothing of the above conversation, which had been carried on in low tones, but the vacant square in the rough floor was sufficient to apprise him of the diabolical scheme of his heartless enemies.

No one spoke, but stepping closer to the lantern, Sears produced a bottle, with the contents of which he began saturating a large handkerchief.

"Chloroform!" gasped Cole, as the pe-ouliar odor reached his nostrils.

"Yes," retorted the youthful villain;
"it comes high, but I don't spare expense

in making your exit pleasant."

The inhuman wretch laughed, and, advancing, applied the handkerchief to the

face of his victim.

Cole Winters struggled manfully, but realizing that his efforts at escape were impotent, ceased them and tried to fix his mind upon the swful change which seemed inevitably at hand. He was fast losing consciousness when an awful thought set his sluggish

brain again into action. When, in accordance with the plans of his murderers, his dead body was dis-covered, there would be found upon it, not alone the one bond placed in his pocket by Sears, but the fifty-nine oth-

ers, aggregating in value the enormous sum of \$300,000. For these Mr. St. Cyr had been killed,

and their presence would establish Cole's guilt beyond all possible question. Not only was he about to lose his life, but the honorable name bequeathed him by his dead father was to become a byword of repreach. In sgony he essayed to speak.

The gurgling sound he uttered served only to renew the pressure of the deadly

Then men, light, hope of life, thoughts of honor, and, lastly, a vision of fair Berenice St. Cyr, disappeared from his sight and his mind. Five minutes latter the trio of villians

entered the deserted den.
"I told you," whispered Sears as he extinguished the lantern, and made ready to open the street door, "that we were in for a run of good luck. We've got a fortune and won't be as much as suspected!"

CHAPTER VII. TWO SURPRISES.

"Mat Hyland, you're a fool!" Harsh words these, yet the detective to-whom they were addressed made no indignant rejoinder; on the contrary he nodded his head approvingly, though the sad expression upon his face seemed

You not only spotted him, but had im dead to rights. You ran upon him or rather he ran upon you, and you couldn't land the fish when he'd hooked bimself on your tackle. I'm ashamed of you, Mat Hyland!"

The person who was so freely upbraiding the unfortunate detective paused in his walk, and spat upon the ground to emphasize his disgust.

Mat Hyland did exactly the same thing. Lest the reader think this a strange coincidence, we must explain that the upbraiding personage and the officer were one and the same man. Mat was, in soliloquy, administering to himself a well-deserved rebuke.

"Not in all the ten years and more that you've been on the force," he continued, as he resumed his walk down Clark "did you ever make such a break You'd better hand in your resignation in the morning.
"They say he cut across to State street,

but I don't believe it. He must have a confederate, but I'll bet my chance of promotion, which isn't much just now, that he's right in the block where he gave me the slip. I'd rather he get off scotfree than have anyone else catch him now. I reckon they're all gone, so I'll go back and make a systematic search for

him."
With this the officer turned and walked briskly in the direction opposite the one in which he had been moving.

The time was but a few minutes after

the precipitation of our hero into the dark, dank collar by the trio of guilty

"Ye can't come in! This is no public house, mind that!"

These words, spoken by a toothless old orone of a woman, assailed the ears of the detective as he endeavored to enter a tumble-down building not far from the spot where Cole Winters had so cleverly eluded him.
"Can't I, Granny Green? We'll see about that!"

"But there's nothin' crooked a goin' on here," faltered the old hag, as Hyland threw open his coat and displayed upon

his breast a silver star, the insignia of his official character. "I know that, Granny. I'm looking for

a men, though. Out of my way, and, mind you, not a word of my presence here; that is, if you value—

"I won't blab. A moment later the detective was exploring the od building, which was ten-anted by half a score of families, and presented a score of squalor and wretch-edness that the officer had never seen

His examination, though thorough, was rapid. He stumbled over drunken men and women who say beside empty bottles and beer cans upon the floor. He invaded

sleeping apartments and tosse I about the heap: of rags which served as beds. "Find anybody?" crooned the old woman who rented out the miserable apartments,

as the officer encountered her on the ground floor.
"Several things, Granny, but not the one I seek just now."
"I'm dreadful sorry. I'll open the door
for you; it's got a funny kind of a catch."

stairs." "Bless you, this is the last floor."
"But you have a celler?" Not a sign of one. "I know better! It was in the cellar of this house that I captured one of the

Cronin suspects last spring. Out of my way!"
With a muttered curse the old woman complied, and Hyland was soon descend-ing a rickety flight of stairs, toward a dark and exceedingly bad-smelling cellar. When its damp, almost slimy bottom was reached, he produced and lighted a diminutive but rather powerful dark-lantern, by the light of which he began an investigation of the subterranean

It was divided into a number of rooms, and had once, evidently, been used as a human habitation, though this must have been before the grading of the street had

shut off the supply of light and air.

Hurriedly the anxious officer ran
through the place. He encountered
no end of debris, but no sign of life except huge rats which scampered about. Satisfied that his quest was a vain one,

he prepared to return to the upper world. Just then a peculiar sound smote his hearing. He listened intently, and upon hearing. He listened income, its repetition startled visibly. "There's no

"A grosn!" he muttered. doubt of it. But where?" Once more he fruitlessly examined the moldering rooms.

He was strangely puzzled and almost

despairing when, for the third time, he heard the ominous sound.

Studying the direction from whence it proceeded, he was not long in solving the

mystery. In one of the rooms, behind a pile of rubbish, he discovered an opening in the stone wall which separated the cellar

from the one next adjacent. The work of a crook who was close pressed." commented the detective. "It was lucky that my Cronin man didn't find it last spring. Well, here's for it."
Cautiously and with considerable diffic

culty the officer crept through the irregularly shaped opening.

Once again in a standing posture he flashed his lantern about to gain some

idea of the surroundings.

He had barely discerned that he was in a long basement undivided by parti-tions, when he saw lying on the ground the semblance of a human form.
"Cole Winters!" cried he, excitedly, a

moment later, as he stood over the inanimate form of our hero.

Setting down the lantern the detective began a systematic examination of the

young man.
"He's alive, and I can see no wounds or bruises to account for his condition," mused he, perplexedly. Just then the open trap-door above him

attracted his eye.
"Ha! I see! In trying to escape he fell down here and is suffering from the shock. I'll soon revive him." Hyland took out a small vial labeled ammonia, and poured a little of the pungent fluid upon his handkerchief. This he applied to the nostrils of our

"While I'm waiting for it to take effect I may as well search him," decided the highly elated officer.

In a moment he had discovered and drawn from one of his coat pockets a small bundle of saws and files, of the

kind used by burglars.
"I've got him dead to rights," chuckled 'Hyland, immeasurably pleased at the evidence of crookedness. "I'll bet he's got a jimmy in his boots."

A hurried examination proved this theory to be incorrect, but it served also to reveal an object in one of Cole's boot-

legs. In a trice Hyland had drawn it from

its hiding place.
"Great heavens!" he ejaculated, his hands trembling like an aspen-leaf in the wind. "The missing bonds! Ten, twen-

ty—I believe they're all here, Good! Capital! My promotion——" A groan interrupted him. Mat Hyland was a humane man, and the sound of suf-fering recalled him to his prisoner. He replaced the saws and files in Cole's pocket, thrust the bonds into his own, and having removed the handkerchief,

and having removed the handkerchier, raised the inanimate form in his arms.

"He breathes freer," soliloquized the detective, "and is in no danger of dying. I want to keep this matter to myself for the present. I'll go to the nearest drug store for restoratives. When I take him away from here it will be with a full con-

fession and the names of his accomplices, for I'm sure he had one at least. He laid Cole back upon the ground, and glided away to the opening in the wall. Two minutes later he had gained the sidewalk and was hurrying up the

He met with a number of provoking delays. The druggist was an unreasonable time in giving him the articles he impatiently demanded. At the doorway he encountered a brother officer, who for some minutes engaged him in conversa-tion about an important matter. Lastly, a small boy ran against him, dashing the package from his hand and breaking the

inclosed bottles upon the sidewalk.

By the time be had duplicated the restoratives fully half an hour had elapsed. He lost no time in returning to the dis-

mal cellar. As he crawled through the opening in the wall, and darted forward the rays of his lantern, a cry of mingled chagrin and dismay swept his white lips.

The trap-door in the floor was closed,

and Cole Winters had disappeared from CHAPTER VIII.

ON THE TRAIL When the trio of guilty and desperate men, the triangle of crime, we may say, leparted from the Clark street house leaving behind them, as they supposed

the dead body of Cole Winters, they proceeded northward towards the business section of the city.

In a few minutes they entered a room on the second floor of a building, upon the door of which was the legend:

MAX MORRIS, PRIVATE BANKER, Money to Loan.

"Now for the bonds," said the proprietor of the place, as he proceeded to light the gas in a second and smaller room, in which stood two large safes.

"Yes," added Bloom, "Let's east our eyes over the plunder." "How soon can you turn them into To-morrow."

"Will there be any danger?" "Not the way I'll work it. Large quan-tities of these bonds are daily sold here My position and well-known respectabil-ity will prevent the slightest suspicion. I'll have the money ready by moon to

morrow."
Good! There they are." "Shall I examine them?"

"It isn't necessary."
"I went it done," put in Bloom.
"But we're in a hurry. Lock 'em up 'p
your strongest safe, Max, and we'll be "I want to see 'em counted," said the

burglar, doggedly.
Without more ado the banker removed the rubber band and opened the en-"Here we are," said he, gayly, as he

drew forth the contents.

As the reader knows, this consisted only of worthless printed papers.
"Confusion!" cried Morris, while Sears made use of a much stronger word. As for Bloom, he said nothing. He looked from the banker to the young

man, and then sprang forward and caught the latter by the throat.
"Help!" wheezed the victim, as he was

borne backward upon a sofa.

Max Morris at once flew to his assistance, but the strength of the two availed "I won't trouble you; I'm going down-

nothing as against the powerful burglar.
"What do you mean?" demanded the
banker. "Lethim go!"
"I mean," answered the enraged man,
as he released Sears and rose to his feet, "that I don't propose to be cheated out of the honest fruit of my labor in no such way as that! I want my share, and I'll have it, or have his life, and yours, too Max Morris, if you're in the scheme." "It's no scheme," said Sears, who was on his feet now. "I've been robbed." "Stuff!" sneered the burglar.

"Look here, Mart. we've been in many deals together. Didn't I always tote

"So far as I know, yes."
"Would I be fool enough to try such a would I be fool enough to my sach a game on you?"
"Hardly," admitted Bloom, though the scowl did not lift from his face.
"I have it!" cried Morris.

"What?" chorused the others. "We've acted like children. That Cole Winters is just four times as smart as we What is it? Do speak!" urged the

young man, eagerly.
"You put one \$5,000 bond in his pocket?" "Yes, yes."
"He wasn't satisfied with that." "I don't understand-

'So he appropriated the other fifty-"Whew!" "And substituted a lot of advertise-

nents he picked up at the Exposition last night. "That's it!" assented Sears. "And the bonds?" asked Bloom.

"Are down in that cellar in one of the dead man's pockets. No one made a suggestion, but all acted on the one common impulse. In a moment the three had quitted the office, the proprietor locking the door after him. At the fastest gait possible they hurried down Clark street. They found the coast clear, and were soon peering down into the cellar, whose inky darkness hid from the eyes of the world a dark and

hideous crime.

After a little they could discern the form of their victim.
"Have you a ladder?" asked Morris,

eagerly. There's one in front," replied Sears. Wait a moment."
"Our good luck hasn't deserted us,"

said the latter, who was the first to decend. Have you found them?" demanded Bloom from the ladder.
"No, I haven't looked yet. But I've found something else."
"What's that?"

"He's no more doad than you are." "And his discovery here would have convicted and hung the last one of us," commented the banker, with a shudder. But we're in time to complete the work."
"The bonds first," urged the burly bur-

This was an unnecessary suggestion, for Almon Sears was already in the act of ransacking the pockets of the unconscious young man.
"Here's a rum go," declared Morris,

when Cole had been searched and not a vestige of the missing fortune discoved. "What do you say, Al?"
"That he found them before our arrival,

and hid them elsewhere."
"I never thought of that. Let's search for them at once."
"Not now; it's too risky."
"What then?"

"We'll take the young fellow away. bring him to, and make him locate the plunder. I'll find a way to force it out of "Good!" cried the others, assentingly. Martin Bloom raised the form of our

hero in his powerful arms and bore him up the rude ladder as easily, to all ap-pearances, as if he had been a child. This accomplished, the ladder was drawn up and the trap-door closed down. Sears began a search for the bonds, which he believed to be secreted somewhere in the long room, but abandoned it when the "cracksman" returned and

and that it was waiting outside. Bloom removed his overcoat, which he wrapped about Cole; then he raised him in his arms and followed his confederates into the street.

It was beginning to rain now, and few

people were in view. Anyhow, the taking away of a sick man, as our hero sppeared to be, was neither a strange ner unusual proceeding, and attracted little attention

"Drive fast," said Sears, who was the last of the party to enter the carriage.
"Safe!" whispered the banker, as with a sigh of relief he sank back upon the cushioned seat.

But he could not have been further trom the truth. At that moment himself

and guilty companions were anything but From the doorway of the next building,

which Detective Hyland was in the act of leaving, the entire transaction had been observable. "Three accomplices!" muttered he. and one of them Almon Sears! I haven't lost the trail yet! Here goes!"

As the driver cracked his whip and drove rapidly away the plucky detective

sprang forward and secured a place upon the rear axle of the large vehicle. [TO BE CONTINUED.] WORDS OF WISDOM.

The lazy dog is pestered most by the

A calf is not valued by the loudness of its bawl. He who leads time by the forelock can

sleep well at night. The prettiest blossoms do not always hold the sweetest honey. Growling at the times will not lift the

mortgage on your farm. Success in on the hill top, you cannot get there without climbing.

Be the kind of man that you would like to have your boys become.

It is no money in your pocket to fail to make your stables comfortable. The sunshine of a glad heart makes the darkest, dreariest day radiant and

There is more solid comfort in a smile than in a whole gross of frowns. It is good economy to smile. If you get mad go to the looking

glass and watch yourself growl, and see

how quick you will quit it.

our change.-Good news.

pleasant.

SALESMAN (great store)-This coat fits your little girl nicely. Lady (thinking of next season)—Yes, it does now, but I think we'd better take a size larger. Little Girl-Oh, yes, I forgot. We have to wait for

LITTLE JOHNNY-May I hitch the dog to my sled and have him pull Mother-I'm afraid he will bite you. Little Johnny-It's the other end I'm going to hitch. -Good

THE crusade against kissing is dying a natural death. When young people feel like indulging in such luxuries, it is not the fear of diseasecontamination that will restrain

FINLAND.

"THE LAND OF THE THOUSAND LAKES."

The Upright and Hospitable Finns -Singular Features of the Fig-Lish Language-Habits of the People,



AR away in the North, where the waters of the coast and mighty seas roar in their icy caverns, where the foam of the cataracts never freezes, where the green of the pine never withers, where

the gray and unyielding rocks compress the foaming rivers into narrow gorges here, for thousands of years, the powers of nature have waged their ceaseless strife without rest, without reconciliation. The river never tires of beating against the rocks, the rocks never tire of beating back the stream. The mountain crags never grow old. The immense morasses defy cultivation. The frosty, clear winter sky quivers forever in the northern light and looks down with serene and majestic calm upon the scattered huts along the river bank. This, says the San Francisco Chronicle, is Finland. The coast of Finland stretches due

north until a few miles south of Wasa. At the sixty-third degree of latitude it makes a decided curve to the northeast. The great blue Bothnian Guif follows the same direction, narrowing for a moment in the Quark, then widening again and leaning its high brow against Finland's breast. With greater freedom than elsewhere the Arctic winds sweep against the coasts, driving between the islands and beating with terrible violence against the rocks. This is a very paradise for smuggling, and no number of cruisers would be able to prevent it. The only successful means to check

the "Kalevala" reference is made to the | nevertheless perform such funeral cerecleansing and healing virtues of the vapors of the heated bathroom. They are morally upright and have an honesty



PEASANT NATIONAL COSTUME.

and simplicity of character totally foreign to that of the Russian. They are hospitable, faithful and submissive, with a keen sense of personal freedom and independence, but they are also somewhat stolid and revengeful. Superstition flourishes among the Finns to a far greater extent than is generally known, and often takes the form of quaint legends.

The Finnish language, supposed to have once embraced the greater part of



A TOWN IN FINLAND.

tariff with few prohibitions, which has been in operation for some years.

Helsingfors, the capital of Finland, is the most important naval station on the Baltic, beautifully situated on a peninsula, surrounded by islands and rocky cliffs, in the Gulf of Finland. Sveaborg, the northern Gibraltar, guards the en-trance to its harbor. It is the handsomest and largest city in Finland. It has broad streets, which intersect at right angles, and several fine public squares. The most striking among its public buildings are the Governor's residence, the Senate House and the University from Abo in 1829, was founded in 1640. It comprises five faculties, has fifty professors and about 800 students.

libraries contain 140,000 volumes. Helsingfors has about 35,000 inhabitants. Among its other towns Abo, situated en the river Aurajokki, near its embouchure in the Gulf of Bothnia, with a population of 20,000, is famous for the peace concluded here in August, 1743, between Sweden and Russia, which ended the war in which Russia gained possession of the whole of Finland. Wiborg, which derives its name from Vich (cattle), is a pretty, prosperous town, the third in importance in Finland. It has a curious old circular market-place and a castle founded by

Torkel Knutson in 1293. Finland truly deserves its appellation, "the land of the thousand lakes," seeing that they occupy more than twelve



A FINN PEASANT.

and the marshes twenty per cent. of its area, so that Finland is more abundantly supplied with water than any other country in the world. Immense forests cover one-half its surface, extending northward as far as Lake Enare. Of the whole population eightyfive per cent. are Finns proper, fourteen per cent. are Swedish-speaking traders, peasants and farmers, these latter living mostly on the coasts and islands. The people are strong and hardy, with bright, intelligent faces and high cheek bones. Yellow hair is common, but by no means the rule, black or brown being frequently met with in the interior. With regard to their social habits, morals and manners, all travelers are unanimous in speaking well of them. Their temper is universally mild, they are slow to anger, and when angry they keep silence. They are happy-hearted, affectionate to one another and honorable in their dealings with strangers. They are a cleanly people, being much given to the use of vapor baths. This trait is a conspicuous note of their character from their earliest history to the present day. Often in the runes of are not believers in a future life, but laid out in Cornwall, N. Y.

sustained, and their due sequence is subject to strict rules of euphony. The dotted o-in pronunciation somewhat similar to the French en-of the first syllable must be followed by an e or an Rhyme is admitted with reluctance, alliteration being preferred. The Finnish alphabet contains but nineteen letters, and of these b, c, d, f and g are found only in a few foreign words.

A singular feature of this language and one that is also characteristic of the Magyar, Turkish and other kindred tongues, consists of the frequent use of endearing diminutives. By a series of uffixes to the names of human beings, birds, fishes, trees, plants, stones, metals, and even actions, events and feelings, diminutives are obtained which by their forms present the names so made in different colors; they become more naive, more childlike, eventually more roguish or humorous. The English language is poor in this respect, so this trait is almost lost in translating Finnish into English. It is a language of a people who live close to nature and are at home among the animals of the wilderness. Beasts and birds, winds, woods and waters, falling snows and flying sands, as well as rolling rocks, are carefully distinguished by corresponding verbs of everchanging acoustic im-

The Finns are extremely careless about family names, arguing, "If the family does not exist, what is the use of giving the child a name?" In 1836 a ukase was framed compelling the clergy to add a family name to that of a saint given in baptism. In the earliest age of Suomi it appears that the people worshiped the conspicuous objects in nature under their respective and sensible forms. As the existence of invisible agencies was recognized, these were attributed to superior persons who lived independent of these visible entities, but at the same time were connected with them. The idea of Finnish mythology seems to lie in this: That all objects in nature are governed by invisible deities or genii

independent of one another. Ukko (signifying old, all-father) is regarded as the highest of Finnish deities. Frost, snow, hail, ice, wind and rain, sunshine and shadow, are thought to come from the hands of Ukko. In the Kalevala he is called "Leader of the Clouds," "God of the Breezes," "Golden King," "Silver Ruler of the Air," Fatner of the Heavens," etc. He is benign and gracious, when the Virgin Marietta, after a long, vain speeca, implores him to tell where her "golden infant lies hidden," he, full of solicitude for her grief, tells her-

Yonder is thy golden infant; There thy holy babe lies sleeping, Hidden to his belt in water,

Hidden in the reeds and rushes. Among the deities of the air are the mystic maidens, some of whom were created by the rubbing of Ukko's hand upon his left knee. They walk the crimson borders of the clouds -one sprinkles white milk, one sprinkles red milk and the third sprinkles black milk

over the hills and mountains. Any one looking at the man of Finland will see that it is full of names like Pyhajuryi (sacred lake) and Pyhajski (sacred river). Some of the old Finlanders still offer goats and calves to these sacred waters. In Esthonia is a rivulet, Vohenda, held in such reverence that until very recently none dared to fell a tree or cut a shrub in its immediate vicinity lest death overtake the offender within a year in punishment for his sacrilege.

Nowhere are the inconsistencies of human theory and practice more curiously and forcibly shown than in the custom in vogue among the old Finns, who

monies as burying in the grave of the dead knives, hatchets, spears bows and arrows, kettles, food, clothing and snow shoes, thus bearing witness to their practical recognition of some form of life beyond the grave. The Finns regard the crows as spirits of dead sisters and brothers. The deities of the air, waters, trees,

and mountains are almost innumerable. The language abounds in proverbs, charades, legends, etc. Upward of 9000 of these have been collected by the industrious and enthusiastic Swedish savant Lonnrot. The first book printed in Finnish was about 1543. The Bible was not translated into Finnish till 1642. Societies of literature, sciences and all branches of art are numerous in Finland.

Commercial Value of Mummies.

Even dead men have a commercial value nowadays. From the mummies of ancient Egypt is manufactured a kind of paint called "mummy brown." It can be purchased at any shop where artists' materials are sold. For some time it was alleged that the mummies employed for this purpose were those of birds and beasts, such as cats and ibisses, but an osteologist who interested himself in the subject found in some of the raw stuff imported from Egypt certain bones which were unquestionably human.

The Forestry Exhibit at the Fair.

The foreign countries which obtained space inside the forestry building at the World's Fair are Japan, Honduras, Peru, Hayti, Spain, Germany, Ecuador, Colombia, Brazil, Mexico, New South Wales, Canada, Russia, Italy, France, Siam and India. Each of these countries has a separate space and makes a showing of its most characteristic woods. Miniature structures have been built, with arches and railings of natural wood and in rustic design. Canada has the largest space of any foreign Government, and the various provinces of the Dominion make an interesting showing of their timber resources.

The States and Territories which have interior exhibits are: Pennsylvania. Louisiana, Virginia, Arızona, Kentucky, Minnesota; Nebraska, Montana, Wyo ming, New Mexico, Wisconsin, North Dakota, Ohio, Washington, Michigan, West Virginia, Missouri, North Carolina, Indiana, Maine, New York, California, Utah and Idaho. Of these West Virginia and Michigan have the largest space, and the exhibits from these States are on an elaborate scale. Other States show peculiarly unique specimens, and the grouping of woods in the various spaces forms a most artistic whole. Sections of tree trunks have been built one on top of the other, and each portion of the exhibit will be accompanied by detailed information as to the locality producing the exhibit, the area still under



PENNSYLVANIA'S WAY OF SHOWING TIMBER growth and where located, and all other pertinent information.

Fifty Years of Fashion. What a funny looking person a woman would be with a combination dress of all of fashion's absurdities during the last

fifty years. Tremble when you look at it, the hoop



COMBINATION OF FASHION'S ABSURDITIES.

train, the piled up hair and the eccentric head dress of to-day or half a century

since, as you please. Just think what a strenuous objection we would have from the ladies were all these different fashions merged into one. The long suffering and obedient American would never stand it .- New

York Herald.



"Jee whiz! Only one hunter in two reeks! I believe I'll join a menagerie." -Life.

A handsome park, in memory of Edward P. Roe, the late novelist, is to be

TEMPERANCE.

There's a song the toper loves to hear,
'Tis sweetest music to his ear,
At morn or noon, by day or night,
It ever gives him fresh delight;
'Tis the glug, glug, glug
Of the whisky jug!

He hears not though the wife may plead;
To love and duty gives no heed;
In vain the children cry for bread;
The only sound that's in his head
Is the glug, glug, glug
Of the whisky jug!

Once he was honest, good and kin ', To noble, manly ways inclined; But now to shame and honor dead, From home and happiness he's led By the glug, glug, glug Of the whisky jug!

Deceived by this beguiling song.
On downward track he speeds along.
And soon among the lost appears.
Where mingled with the demon cheers
Is the glag, glug, glug
Of the whisky jug!

Josephine Pollard, in Temperance Advocate.

FOR WAGE EARNERS TO POWDER. FOR WAGE EARNERS TO PONDER.

It is estimated that the wage-earners pay sixty per cent. of the drink bill of England. If the same proportion holds here, the wage-earners pay out about \$720,600,000 a year in the United States—enough to endow every labor organization with a permanent fund to make every labor paper a daily, to establish one hundred great universities, to buy out fifty of the great trusts and to buy several trunk line railroads every year! If the wage-earners want the earth, here's one way of getting it.—The Voice.

ANY KIND OF LIQUOR PRONTER SAME TABLE.

ANY KIND OF LIQUOR PROM THE SAME VAT Congressman Burrows, of Michigan, who

Congressman Burrows, of Michigan, who introduced a resolution for an investigation of the Whisky Trust, make serious charges against that organization, alleging, among other things, extensive and injurious adulterations. He says:

"From the same vat of spirits can be produced whisky of any age, rum from Jamaics or any other place on the globe, brandy from the most celebrated districts of France, and the most approved after dinner cordials, and gin that would deceive the most educated tastes, can all be produced from a few jars of coloring matter and vials of drugs, upon the labels of some of which appear the skull and cross-bones as a warning to the user."

THE DANGER LINE.

Hundreds of thousands of young men are rapidly rushing into drunkenness, because of the deceifulness of their expectation that they can escape the liability of passing the danger line. In the name of truth and righteousness we appeal to all of them to study the record of experience, and they will thereby learn that they will have reached that danger line when they enter upon the drink habit. Some of them may not cross that line, but a majority of them will do so. We do not mean that all of this majority will reel through the streets, but the moral, physical and mental manhood of most of them will be impaired, which is practical drunkenness, and very many of them will go down to visible degradation, and to death.—Sacred Heart Review.

RUINED BY BEER.

RUNED BY BEER.

A man who has given a good deal of attention to the subject says that the beverages of the American people have rulined what were originally the dnest complexions on earth. That beer is absolutely rulinous to beauty is a declaration that can be sustained by any amount of evidence.

Beer makes people stuffy, and the skin grows leathery and yellow. The more impure it is and the more it is doctored, the more injurious it is, and at the present rate of things, the time is not far distant when this beverage wi'll be entirely shut out of the list of indulgences among women who care for their good looks.

It is more injurious to women than to men only because they are less active and throw off less of its ill effects. At its best it is to be avoided, and at its worst, or even under ordinary conditions, it is to most women but little less than a rank poison.

"WEAT POOLS THESE WORTALS BE! Dr. Carlos F. McDonald, State Lunacy Dr. Carlos F. McDonaid, State Lausey.
Commissioner, gives as the principal causes of insanity "wina, women, worry and work." Next to the very general and indefinite cause of "hereditary tendency" which may be induced by any or all of the first-mentioned causes Commissioner Mc-Donald says that the use of alcoholic liquors is most largely responsible for filling our in-sane asylums. This is directly in line with an account given a few days ago in the Times of the pauper insane of this city, wherein it was reported that alcoholism is the direct cause of over one-half the case of insanity among paupers. What a comof insanity among paupers. What a com-mentary upon our boasted intelligence and civilization! First we license the sale of a civilization! First we liceuse the sale of a poison which, it is admitted, is the chief cause of lunacy, then tax ourselves hundreds of thousands of dollars to build asylums and care for its victims; and this saide from the fearful burdens of crime and pauperism which we admittedly bear as the result of this same liceused sale of poison. When shall we learn wisdon and economy—not to mention humanity—and dam up the source mention humanity—and dam up the source of this stream of waste and wretchedness, the licensed liquor traffic?—New York

LIQUOR DRINKING IN ENGLAND.

A lady writing to the London newspapers from fashionable West En' urged society dames to abstain from drinking champagne during Lent and give the money thus saved to the poor. The appeal is a curious one, and the assumption upon which it is confidentially based is scarcely fixtering to the rich women of England. How much wine does a British woman of fashion drink in the course of six weeks? Obviously the estimate would be difficult to make. The writer of this appeal declares that "if only a few ladies would put themselves bravely into this little champagne movement during Lenthundreds of starving souls would be relieved."

Concurrently with this peculiar appeal LIQUOR DRINKING IN ENGLAND.

lieved."

Concurrently with this peculiar appeal comes the announcement that the British Government proposes this session to deal with the very serious and growing evil of home drinking by women of the middle and lower middle classes. The existence of this remaining the property of the granting. lower middle classes. The existence of this vice is due in large measure to the granting to retail grocers of licenses for the sale of wine, beer and spirits. Since this system was established about twenty years ago the drink demon has entered thousands of decent households and has stayed there with cousequences that are told almost daily in the police and divorce courts. Its victims would loss casts if seen drinking in tayerns or holose caste if seen drinking in taverns or ho-tels, but it is deplorably easy for them to ar-range with the family grocer to supply an range with the faith gloss. Support the faith gloss of spirits and enter it in the bill as tea or coffee. The thing is done every day in thousands of homes, and almost the only way to kill it is to abolish the grocers' licenses, which the Government is expected to do—Chicago Herald.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. Putting screens in the saloon doors is one of the devil's ways of trying to hide his face. There is said to be invested in American breweries about \$91,000,000 of English capital.

Any old maid can gather personal co lation by looking at some other woman's drunken husband.

It is asserted that in E linburgh, Scotland, there is daily spent about \$10,000 in alcoholic drinks—more than the inhabitants pay for the rent of their houses.

The temperance cause is advancing among British soldiers in India, Lord Roberts says he has under his command 14,500 British soldiers pledged to total abstinence. The next World's W. C. T. U. Convention will be held in Chicago immediately following the National W. C. T. U. Convention in October. Prominent speakers from all countries will address the meetings.

Carefully drawn statistics of 4500 criminals who have passed through Eimira Re-formatory. New York, show drunkenness clearly existing in the parents of 38 7 per cent., and probably in 11 1 per cent. more. The physicians who had charge of the cholera patients at Hamburg made special efforts to learn the previous habits of the victims of the epidemic in the matter of food and drink. They found the mortality especially heavy among inchriates. One of the and drink. They total the mortality specially heavy among insbriates. One of the daily reports said: "The deaths of eighty-nine heavy drinkers—tweive of them women—have been reported, and among the fresh cases a corresponding increase in the number of intemperate persons has been noticed."